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'LOCUM TENENS.'

OF many wasted autumns, I remember best that spent at Heleshore, some years ago. Heleshore is on the southern coast of England, and is one of those cities of refuge to which the pale-faces of our island flee for life. But it is not wholly garrisoned by invalids; others besides the sick betake themselves to the pleasant place, for its bright serenity and cheering airs are refreshing. Mind-workers go there for invigorative leisure, and tired people who toil not go there to rest from wearisome amusement. The town is mildly fashionable. Well, at this retreat I idled away the early autumn of 1854. An uncle and aunt who were residents at Heleshore harboured me. Having occupied Inset Lodge for some years, they had a good many acquaintances in the neighbourhood—kind, slow, elderly people like themselves. 'Rather old for you,' said my uncle, apologising for his friends; 'but they'll do to dine with, and some of them have sons and daughters.' However, I did not much fraternise with the sons and daughters, but enjoyed roaming over the fair country alone, strolling along the cool elm-shaded lanes, or lying about like the oar-weed under the wave-worn cliffs.

To reward my hosts for not attempting to 'amuse' me, I used to pick up bits of fern and seaweed for Aunt Landore, and to feed my uncle regularly with the *Times*, which I fetched from the town for him every afternoon. He made always a kind of clown's division of that paper, by giving me the advertisement sheet, and keeping the news himself. But I was obliged to forgive him, for it was a time of war; and had he not, by having fought at Waterloo, earned an interest in all future battles? Once I tried his patience sorely by disposing of his daily *bonne bouche*. I suffered for my offence; events avenged his injury; these pages are a record of my punishment. Upon the occasion from which this short narrative dates, I had as usual lounged down to the stationer's shop at the time when the London papers arrived, and had secured the copy of the *Times* set apart for the colonel. While returning along the bay-

wall, I saw a girl a little distance ahead of me, tripping forward, hurried by the breeze. Her mission to the town seemed to have been the same as mine, for she carried a newspaper in her hand. Presently, she opened it to glance at its contents, and soon became literally wrapped up in it, for the wind whirled the broad sheets round about her head, and she tried in vain to fight them down as she was blown along. 'Was it a duty to deliver a ladye fair from an outrageous journal?' I asked myself, hastily recalling precedents of rescue from innumerable novels. Memory furnished no case in point. My mind would not determine what course should be pursued, but my feet (said by a frank *cousine* to be the 'best part of me') started to overtake the girl, who was blindly skimming onwards. After a conflict with the windy newspaper, she succeeded in overcoming its attacking columns, and was reducing them to submission, when, just as I neared her, a gust snatched the paper from her hands, and carried it over the bay-wall, swirling and rustling away. The waves, catching at the opportunity of relieving their monotonous existence, eagerly seized and devoured it. The girl stood looking after it in an attitude of despair. 'What shall I do?' I heard her say to the sea. Her trouble seemed so disproportionate to the loss, that it bewildered me. Indeed, for an instant I thought it would be absolutely necessary to take a header into the ocean, and attempt to rescue the drowning *Times*. But I was young, and to die for a newspaper that did not even represent my political opinions seemed hard; so I substituted sympathy for assistance, and said consolingly that I feared it had gone. Then the newsless maiden became aware of my arrival on the scene. 'What shall I do?' she repeated; 'I ought not to have— Papa will be so'— she faltered in broken accents, while her blue eyes seemed much more ready to swim than the coward they gazed upon. 'And it's no use returning to Newbook's' (the stationer's), 'for all his papers are bought up directly.' Then suddenly a chivalrous (and, of course, lawless) impulse seized me. Plunging my hand in a pocket, I drew out my uncle's *Times*, and, with the flourish

of a Grandison, and the feelings of a fraudulent trustee, offered it to her. She told me she could not think of taking it. I don't know how far that was true—but she took it. Then followed the proper polite contradictions and falsehoods. She said she deprived me of my newspaper; I said she didn't. She insisted that she was so careless; I said she wasn't. She said I was so good; with heroic courtesy, I denied that also. Finally, while departing, she renewed her thanks for the service I had rendered. 'Pray, don't mention it,' said I, bowing myself off. 'No, I will not,' she murmured absently. This unexpected acquiescence reached me on the wind, and I went away quite puzzled.

I pondered back to the town. The girl was

Fair, and tall, and slender—
Eyes soft blue.

Not that I was afflicted by the recollection of her sweet countenance—no, for I was inured to pretty girls. My one sister always had a succession of them staying with her, and my having been so exposed to a dangerous atmosphere from boyhood had rendered me less susceptible than unacclimatised youth. Nevertheless, I meditated on the adventure. I could not, for the life of me, comprehend why any one should view the loss of a fourpenny newspaper as a downright calamity; but this girl certainly had so regarded it—with an anxious expression on her face real enough to be ludicrous. Before venturing homewards, I called at Newbook's, but found, as I had expected, that all his copies of the *Times* were then disposed of. With a delinquent air, I slunk back to Inset Lodge. 'Have you anything to declare, monsieur?' inquired Aunt Landore, the cheerful *douanière* who always examined me on my entering the house.

'Rien, madame.'

('Where's my *Times*?' asked my uncle.)

'Absolument rien!' she cross-examined.

'Absol— No, by the way, I met a girl with a new face—that is to say, a new girl with a face,' I stammered out, wishing to protract the examination before my aunt, and avoid that before my uncle—at least until I could indirectly break the news of his loss to him.

'A pretty new face, I think you mean to say, sir,' rejoined aunt, reaching for a visitors' list. 'Well, who is she? What's her name? Where does she live?'

('And where's the *Times*?' boomed my uncle again from his chair in the window.)

'I don't know anything about her, except that she wears gauntlet gloves, and one of those light black shawls you can see through, and a gold locket. It's the first time'—

('Times!' sounded again across the room.)

It was no use putting off the evil moment, so I made a clean breast of it. My uncle behaved grandly. The good old soldier even tried to say that he should himself have acted as I had done. After dinner, he rose up, and without a word of reproach sallied out to a small club—a mile distant—where he would have to read the beloved paper *vi et armis*, under the scowls of members in waiting.

A fortnight afterwards—during which time I sometimes saw the girl and a younger one, evidently her little sister, flitting about the shore like pretty sea-birds—my aunt said: 'Edward,

you remember embezzling our newspaper, don't you?'

It was an objectionable way of putting it, but I acquiesced.

'And you recollect the young lady who induced you to commit the crime?'

'I do.'

'You said she wore a locket—was it in the shape of a Templar's shield, bearing a cross in blue enamel, like this?'—and my aunt sketched it.

'Yes, it was.'

'Then, I've been introduced to her this morning at the Leconteurs. Don't you want to know all about her?'

'No.'

'Dass ist nicht wahr,' rejoined my aunt, who, I believe, must have acquired foreign languages in order that she might be rude with impunity; 'so I shall tell you. Her name is Agnes Edelston; her father is a "citizen of credit and renown;" and a widower.'

'What brings him to Heleshore?'

'Lungs. He will winter here. I'm going to like his daughters; I know I am, so I shall "ticket" him.'

Aunt Mary carried out her intention, and did 'ticket' him next day.

Soon afterwards came Mr Edelston's card-case, carried by his daughters, he himself being too unwell to venture out; and we were 'ticketed' in our turn.

Then Agnes Edelston came with the Leconteurs to dine at Inset Lodge, and I took her down to dinner. 'I really was so much obliged to you,' she said, referring to the adventure on the bay-wall; 'and you could help me still more, if I might venture to ask you.'

'That I will. How?'

'Well, if you would be so good as not to mention it to papa when you see him, which I hope will be soon. The fact is,' she continued, 'I was transgressing by peeping into his *Times*—he disapproves of our reading the newspapers, so it was wrong of me; but then I was very'— She had a nervous habit of leaving sentences unfinished. However, I promised not to betray her; more than that, I made my aunt and uncle promise likewise. Certainly Aunt Mary would never have informed against any one less than a murderer; and as for the colonel, he sympathised deeply with the offender (forgetful of his own wrong), and called her father a tyrant for monopolising news.

In the drawing-room, again, the new guest quietly settled herself on a low chair close to my uncle, and listened while he expatiated to her on the subject of the war during the rest of the evening. When all were gone—'Edward,' said the fine old warrior, quite aglow with the excitement of having, with the assistance of his fair ally, just overrun and reduced the Russian empire, 'that Miss Edelston's the best-looking, best-informed girl in the universe! She knows much more of military matters than the War Office. A feminine civilian, too! It's marvellous!' Now, to my uncle's mind, when it was 'in uniform,' a civilian personified Ignorance, and a feminine civilian Idiocy.

But when we went, in due course, to the Edelstons', my uncle found, to his surprise, that the 'feminine civilian's' military knowledge had quite deserted her, and his efforts to induce her to join

in further operations against Russia were unavailing. It soon became evident that the Crimean campaign, then the one topic of general conversation, was not tolerated by the head of the house, who took an early opportunity of informing us that he regarded the war as 'a criminal expenditure of human' (*money*, he was about to say, but twisted the word into) 'men.' A weak ending, which annoyed our oratorical entertainer, as much as the sentiment displeased his guests.

'Mean-minded merchant!' muttered my uncle in the returning carriage (alliterative abuse was the strongest kind his wife would tolerate).

'He seems fond of his children, though,' said Aunt Mary, who had the amiable vice of finding out good points in the unpopular.

'He bullies them,' retorted her husband. 'There's that dear nice girl not allowed to call her soul her own.'

'Not, if her "soul's in arms,"' I suggested.

'Ah! don't you say anything, Master Edward. You've had a pleasant evening, no doubt, lolling over the piano with her, talking nonsense.'

'She doesn't talk nonsense.'

'I didn't say *she* did—*she* couldn't.' The colonel was nearly rude, but he was also nearly right. True it was that the mind of Agnes Edelston did not seem to gravitate towards nonsense so naturally as the minds of most young ladies.

Of course it was impossible that any intimacy should spring up between the colonel and the tax-hating merchant, who was a stern member of the Peace-at-any-price faction, then beginning its existence. But the latter could not resist the general inclination to like my jocund aunt, nor did he seem to entertain any particular objection to her nephew, for there was nothing military about me—not even a moustache. Moreover, I was in those days a good listener, and had no opinions worth mentioning; negative qualities which Mr Edelston duly appreciated—he being a politician, verbose and didactic.

We all took pity on his daughters, whom he seemed to harass by his strict rule and invalid's exactions, and we did what we could to enliven their stay at Heleshore.

'I shall get up a little picnic for you girls,' Aunt Mary told them one day in her said-and-done style; and the next minute she was seated at a desk writing the invitations. The guests, the day, the provisions were fixed upon, and then followed a discussion as to the place we should choose for the party. In the end, 'Birds-home' was selected—the Edelstons voting for that spot rather from the attractiveness of its name than from a knowledge of the locality. But when my aunt happened to allude to it as 'the island,' one sister looked at the other with a perturbed and disappointed expression of countenance. 'Island—a piece of land surrounded by water,' quoted Edith, the younger one, from her Geography, in a meaning tone.

'How do you get to Birds-home, Mrs Landore?' inquired Agnes anxiously. 'Is there a bridge?'

'No, dear. It's a picturesque rock—you must surely have seen it—about a quarter of a mile from the mainland. There are caverns in it where sea-birds build—a splendid place for a picnic; we shall row across to it.'

'Ah! then I'm afraid we shall not be able to join your party, for papa does not allow us to venture in a boat unless he is with us.'

'But, of course, Mr Edelston is invited,' said Aunt Mary with rueful effort.

'Thank you; but papa is such a bad sailor, the mere sight of the water makes him ill.'

'Then it seems to follow that you don't have much boating!'

They confessed that they had never been upon the water.

'But, you know, there is not the slightest danger; don't you think you could persuade Mr Edelston to let us take you?'

They shook their heads hopelessly. After a despondent silence, Edith turned to me as a last resource, and asked timidly if I would try to prevail upon her papa to let them go; he always listened to me, she said. Now, I had been under the impression that I always listened to *him*; but, flattered by the unfounded compliment, I undertook the difficult task suggested to me. On calling at their house next day to wrest the required permission from their obstinate parent, the girls told me that he was locked up with his account-books, which were regularly transmitted to him from town for inspection, but he would not mind my disturbing him. Doubtful on the latter point, yet I ventured to send Edith down to ask her father if I could see him. Leave was accorded, and I invaded Mr Edelston's sanctum. He pushed aside some blue-lined books, and gave me readier audience than I anticipated.

'So you "want to speak" to me, hey?' he said; 'that's a phrase I can generally interpret.'

'Your daughter has referred me to you, to.'

'Ah! I thought so,' he exclaimed (for he never allowed me to get out more than six or seven words at a time). 'You have come to ask my'—

'Consent.'

'Consent,' he repeated, overwhelming, as usual, my attempt to take up the talking by raising his voice—to your marrying Agnes. (I started.) 'You are surprised at my anticipating you, but we City men are not entirely devoid of sagacity,' he continued in his pompously complacent tone. 'I trust that you have refrained from extracting a definite promise from my daughter until'—

'Indeed, Mr Edelston, I assure you I have never once thought of'—

'Doing so. Quite right; quite right. This is not the first application of the kind which I have received. Agnes has personal attractions, and she will have comparative wealth; hence suitors for her hand have not been wanting'—

'But, Mr Ed'—

'Do allow me to proceed,' he said so snappishly, that I gave up all idea of explanation. 'Those suitors I have considered ineligible, and have thought fit to reject. Now I look at you' (I sat with idiotically parted lips, the picture of bewilderment), 'you are very young—too young to marry. You have no profession; you do not seem to possess much business energy.' (It was rather hard to be refused something one never asked for, and to be disparaged into the bargain.) 'On the other hand, your demeanour is unpretentious and unobjectionable. Your estimable aunt, whose opinion I value, gives you a high character for steadiness. You do not seem to have imbibed that expensive taste for bloodshed which unfortunately characterises your uncle. I understand that you are the owner of a small landed property; and I must confess that I have been most

agreeably impressed in your favour by remarking the intelligent view you take of the great political questions of the day.

'By Jove!' thought I, in utmost perplexity, 'he's going to approve of me;' and, to my extreme bewilderment, he eventually *did*. Now, there was a pretty condition of things! I hurriedly reviewed my extraordinary position in a state of excited mental confusion resembling that of a Volunteer colonel who has got his rear rank in front, with the adjutant away on leave.

Agnes Edelston I liked excessively, more so almost than any girl I had ever talked to; but she was one of the sweet, sister-like girls to whom flirtation or 'spooning' seems foreign, and I had never ventured, or even thought of venturing, on anything of the kind. She was too frank and unaffected to 'assist' at such contemptible amusements. One could not imagine that her round thoughtful eyes would ever learn or try to 'give a side-glance and look down,' or her tenderly curved lips simper at a compliment. But she was sensitive and lovable; and while His Longwindedness her father prosily discussed the question of our marriage, I thought how delightful it would be to call her wife.

The idea pleased me as much as if I myself had originated it. One serious-looking difficulty presented itself: What would Miss Edelston say to the arrangement? When my self-constituted father-in-law paused for want of polysyllables, I had sufficiently mastered the situation to be able to express due gratitude for his good opinion of me, and the honour he was bestowing, but I told him that I had not ventured to test his daughter's inclinations on the subject.

'Then you've acted with a scrupulous rectitude, which deserves, and has my highest admiration,' he replied. 'But, pray, dismiss any doubt. Agnes has often said that she likes you; and I think I may add that it will be sufficient for you to say that I wish this marriage, and approve of your suit, to insure you a favourable reception. My children are guided by me in all things.' One condition he attached to the bargain: I must have some occupation. He did not think it well for young men to be without employment, even if their means permitted it.

'Oh, we can soon settle that,' I answered unthinkingly; 'one can easily get a commission'—

'A *what*?' he shouted.

'A—a commission-agency,' I replied hastily, recollecting his hatred of soldiers.

'Well, well,' said the merchant, calming down again, 'we may look a little higher than that. Perhaps a profession would be more in your line—the Church?'

'Couldn't manage the sermons—especially the collection sermons,' I added with increasing readiness of mind.

'No, to be sure,' he replied musingly; 'and I've no taste for physic; so there is only one thing left.'

'Law? Yes, that will do. I can enter myself at the Temple next month, if you like, and be wigg'd in three years.'

'Very well; that's settled.' He shook hands with me, and I rose to go; but suddenly remembering the real object of my visit: 'By the way, Mr Edelston,' I carelessly said, 'my aunt is giving a picnic to-morrow. We are going to row over to a

small island, and dine there. Will you come?' He wouldn't. Would he let his daughters go? To this he consented easily enough.

'You see,' he explained, 'this arrangement as to my daughter's future has relieved my mind. Hitherto, I have opposed her going much into society, since my wife died, having noticed that she attracts admiration, and fearing that some ineligible fellow might engage her affections, if opportunity were presented. Picnics, and above all, water-parties, do give opportunities for—that sort of thing. Young scoundrel upsets Agnes into water, picks her out again, and expects to be allowed to keep her for his trouble. Oh, I know,' he continued, seeing me smile. 'Don't think I read nothing but these;' and he patted the account-books, to which I then suffered him to return.

On reaching the drawing-room, I found Agnes alone there; Edith had gone to the town.

'She gave up all hope of reaching Birds-home,' said Agnes of her sister, 'as you were so long away. —Why, you've succeeded!' she added, with a quick glance at my elated face. 'Papa will let us go! Oh, I'm so glad! Edith longed for it. How did you persuade him to trust us with you?'

'Will you trust yourself with me?' said I, forgetting Birds-home.

'That I will,' she replied heartily—'anywhere. I'm sure you will take care of us.'

'Miss Edelston,' I said a tone lower, and in a different key (I was going to have the late treaty ratified)—'Miss Edelston, let me take care of you always.'

Another quick glance at my too easily perused countenance, and Agnes knew what I was asking.

'O dear, dear!' she murmured, her face and voice saddening (the 'dear' was but an exclamation, and did not apply to me).

I began to be eloquent. She stopped me, not like her father, but prettily, nervously.

'I like—I liked you so much,' she said, almost as it seemed mourning over me; 'and then'—

'Then love me,' I exclaimed, becoming very earnest indeed. 'I love you.' (And, by Jove! I *did* love her too, and felt quite grateful to Mr Edelston for putting the idea of doing so into my head.)

'And I thought you were not like the others,' continued the sweet girl pathetically, her eyes glistening, her voice tremulous. 'I must say No; I must, indeed; and if I did not, papa would. He always does' (this sadly).

Then my triumphant announcement: 'But he approves—he wishes it. Now, what do you say?'

'What?' Agnes questioned quickly, and then almost solemnly—'Did—papa—say—he—wished it?'

'Yes.'

'What—*shall*—I—do?' The same expression crossed her face that I had seen there when the newspaper flew out to sea.

I spoke of myself, my prospects, the conditions imposed on me. I pleaded—pleaded as I never can (or have an opportunity of doing) at the Bar. She sat silent, her countenance hidden in her small white hands. After a peroration (spoiled, I remember, by my losing the nominative case), I ended simply, but, as I thought, effectively: 'Miss Edelston, may I call you mine?'

A long pause; then she looked up, her face

brighter—merry-bright, almost, it seemed. 'You may,' she said. The blue eyes, though shining through 'a sea of melting pearl which some call tears,' smiled at me, and I was very glad. How many a thousand times have I said: 'I'm very glad;' yet in my life (no gloomy one) that was the only occasion on which I could have safely made such a statement, and have verified the same by an affidavit properly sworn. 'But, Mr Landore,' was added to 'You may'—'but, Mr Landore, please don't let this make any difference between us; we've been such friends, you know.'

'Difference! Agnes, dear Agnes!' I fervently began, advancing from the corner of the mantel-piece, where, in my nervousness, I had been playing quite a marriage-peal upon some girandoles—'my dear Agnes'—

'Oh, don't—that is just what I meant—pray, don't—call me—those names!' she implored anxiously. 'Please, don't change.'

I was utterly puzzled. This was all contrary to the experience I had gathered from romances studied in many vacations. (Fiction does mislead one dreadfully.) 'Surely I should "fold her in my arms,"' I said to myself—'I have seen it done in scores of volumes.' But Agnes did not seem in the least to comprehend the necessity of being enfolded.

'Now, about the picnic,' she suddenly said, resuming the frank, friendly manner which was to her like a sweet-brier border to a rose-tree—an ornament, but yet a protection.

So I obediently talked of the picnic, avoiding all *tendresse* of tone; and she seemed quite grateful. To please her (it was such pleasure to see her look pleased), I carefully called her 'Miss Edelston' (not Agnes) when I rose to leave, whereat she was evidently delighted, and shook hands heartily, just as some college chum of mine might have done, at parting. I ran off to Inset Lodge with my news.

'Aunt, what do you think I've done?'

'Something foolish, no doubt, dear nephew,' replied aunt confidently.

'I've proposed to Agnes Edelston.'

'Of course! My poor boy, why didn't you come to me first? I could have told you she would have refused you.'

'Then you would have told a'—

'What!' screamed aunt joyously, dragging me into the failing daylight, to inspect my legible physiognomy. 'Well, I am surprised!' was her commentary on what she read there.

'Thanks,' I growled out. 'You might congratulate me, at all events.'

Then she did congratulate me, good soul, very heartily. Still, I could discern that her uppermost feeling was that of wonderment, so I asked why she should be surprised.

'Because I fancied that Agnes was too affable and sisterly in her manner towards you for her to be in love. But, I suppose, Aunt Mary's getting stupid in her old age, or girls are more deeply cunning than they were in her time. What does the Citizen say?' I informed her.

Next I told my news to the colonel, who, while madly shaking both my hands, declared that it was a sad sacrifice of Agnes; she deserved a field-marshal for a husband.

The picnic was good. A plentiful supply of juvenile folk had been collected for it. Unos-

tentiously I looked after Agnes, and was proud of soul indeed when she gently evaded the fellows who would hover near her, prompt to do the many gallant deeds for which a picnic affords such abundant opportunities, and strolled away with me as if I were her natural guardian.

She chattered—no, her musical flow of speech must not be called chattering—she discoursed to me without much pause, as if she mistrusted silence, giving me fanciful biographies of particular gulls we disturbed as we passed them. From the sea-birds she wandered away into wondering whether the early Britons ever gave water-parties like ours on that same island; and my information on the point being unsatisfactory, she told me that they did, describing one in detail. She was rather vexed with me; and I had to apologise because history treated our blue-painted ancestors as somewhat uncultivated people. From speculating about the Britons, she went on to criticise the Romans, and, by easy transition, passed to war—modern war—The War, as it was then termed. This last was her favourite subject; and her eyes would grow still brighter and fuller, her voice a little louder, and her quiet face excited, as she spoke prophetically of brave deeds that were about to be done by our peace-nurtured soldiers—the deeds which were most surely done thereafter. She had that peculiar *still* enthusiasm of voice and manner which is so impressive; and she made me hate myself, as I loitered by her side, for living easily while better men had gone away to be uncomfortable, or even to die.

A week or two passed, during which Agnes was almost daily at our house, or we at hers; but I seldom found myself alone with her; she ignored the vulgar love-making of sighs, and looks, and whispers, and she did not seem to think it necessary to give special opportunities for the display of such weaknesses. The mild badinage that my uncle and aunt indulged in at the onset of our engagement so confused and distressed her that it was directly discontinued; and as the 'Citizen' did not brook the most remote allusion to the event which was to deprive him of the possession of his valuable daughter, it resulted that the intercourse between the houses of Edelston and Landore went on as if no alliance had been arranged.

The frequent arrival of tidings from the seat of war at last wrought my uncle up to such a pitch of professional excitement that he determined to hasten his proposed winter sojourn in London, and to start for that centre of news much sooner than he otherwise would have done. This step involved my departure also; so I accompanied him to town, intending to arrange for my entrance upon a legal career in the ensuing Michaelmas term. Soon after our arrival in London came intelligence of the battle of the Alma. I rushed off to military haunts, and caught Uncle Landore, who went about always loaded to the muzzle with news from the East; and from him and his veteran comrades of the clubs I gathered every scrap of information about the battle, and then retailed it in a great four-paged letter to Agnes. Back came such an enthusiastic grateful reply! The dear girl was evidently touched by my consideration in remembering her favourite topic, and her note was full of thanks—so full, indeed, of prettily worded praises of me for my pains to please her, that room was scarcely left for the signature, and I could not

quite make out whether she had subscribed herself mine in heart, or only mine in haste. It was curious that this gentle girl, into whose mind the most economical peace principles had been carefully instilled, should take such an unfilial interest in warfare; but I ascribed this idiosyncrasy to her heroic nature, and went about collecting materials for my bellicose love-letters as diligently as if my darling had been a daily newspaper, and I her 'Own Correspondent.'

At the approach of Christmas-tide, I went home to Nottinghamshire; and being then out of the way of war-gossip, the correspondence between Agnes and myself waned a little, and I began to long for my uncle's return to Heleshore, that I might again quarter myself upon him, and be near her. But the old colonel could not tear himself away from the vicinity of the clubs, and I was driven to the expedient of writing a letter to the Citizen 'fishing' for an invitation to stay with him. I was duly invited. Mr Edelston wrote, moreover, that he 'rather wanted to speak to me.' I did not quite like the anticipation of being 'spoken to,' and set off for Heleshore with a dim foreboding that my father-in-law-in-future had confiscated one of my letters to his daughter, and was going to blow me up about its martial tone. Nor was this foreboding lessened when I observed the Citizen's manner towards me on my arrival at his house. He was very civil (for him), but there was a certain reserve and embarrassment in his greeting, as if he meant to say: 'Notwithstanding all this welcoming, I shall have to be disagreeable by-and-by.' But, poor man, he had been ill since I had last seen him, and had lost flesh, and with it much of his stern pomposity. A visitor was there, too, when I entered, a very pale invalid, who might have been good-looking had he not been looking so ill. '*Gleich und gleich gesell sich gern*,' thought I, as the stranger made a feeble effort to rise and bow, and then sank back on his seat in a powerless way. The young fellow seemed rather worse than the old one; and I therefore came to the uncharitable conclusion that the sick Citizen cultivated his acquaintance for the purpose of gloating over his weaker condition. It was evident, however, that they were on tolerably intimate terms, for, after a little general conversation, I could see that Mr Edelston was leading up to my anticipated rating, altogether regardless of the presence of a third person.

'You would learn from my note,' he began, 'that I had something to say to you. I regret it should be of an unpleasant nature—I fear—hum, I must, that is—confess that a—a—a'—Odd! This usually fluent rebuker was stammering and hesitating in a remarkable way. After an improvised coughing-fit and a preliminary fidgeting round the room, he commenced again. 'One cannot, of course, overlook, that is—a—a'—And then he had another singularly bad attack of wordlessness. At this point the visitor, with an effort, rose from his chair. I thought that he was about to relieve the embarrassment of the would-be speaker by taking his departure, but, on the contrary, he made a stride, half a hop and half a hobble, up to him, and laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder, exclaimed in a genial tone: 'My dear, good sir, you're incoherent to-day: suppose you evacuate the citadel, and leave me to do the talking, as I know what you want to say.' Then, much to my astonishment, I saw the awe-inspiring Mr Edelston

quietly pushed unresisting out of his own room. 'Am I to be lectured by deputy?' I sulkily asked myself, as I sat down in obedience to a wave of this cool fellow's emaciated hand. 'The old gentleman's rather disconcerted,' he said, resuming his own chair opposite me: 'the fact is there has been something worse than a misunderstanding; and as you are the sufferer, and I am unconsciously the cause of it, the pain of explaining ought to fall upon me.' (He spoke in an irresistibly pleasant fashion, and I 'could not choose but hear.') 'You are, I believe, under the impression that Miss Edelston is engaged to you?'

Under the impression! Jove! that was too much. 'I am engaged to Miss Edelston,' I hotly interrupted, 'and should like to know what right you'—

'Ah! I must begin at the beginning, I see,' he said; 'but don't be angry yet—you can throw me out of window when I've finished my story, you know. Shall I start with myself? Well, I am now supposed to command a company of the—th Foot—if there's a whole company of the poor fellows left. Some time ago, when only a sub., I had the sense to fall in love with Miss Edelston: a great many other men were equally wise. But she was weak enough to care about me: the other men had not my luck; nevertheless, several of them proposed to her. I did not, for her father discountenanced me altogether. I was hopelessly ineligible, being poor and a soldier: he hated poverty and military men. One week I called rather too often, and on the last occasion found that a parental edict had issued by which I was banished. However, Agnes considered herself engaged to me. I knew she did, and my only fear was that she might be forced into some marriage by her father, of whom she is rather too afraid. Then the regiment was sent to the Crimea on the breaking out of the war. It was much cut up at the Alma, and, by great luck, so was I, for a well-meant twelve-pounder took off one set of toes, while a good-natured opponent sliced my left arm; and when I was down among the grapes, an expiring Russian spent his last moments in thoughtfully prodding me with his bayonet. Then I had a fine fever for a few months, and they sent my remains home. Well, in the meanwhile, Agnes—Ah! here she is!' he exclaimed, as that culprit timidly re-entered the room.—'Come here, and excuse yourself,' he said to her, 'for I don't know what can be said for you, I'm sure—you double-dealing darling!' was added in a murmur, as she stole up to him, and, pretending to arrange the head cushion of his arm-chair, took up a position behind it.

'Shall you be very, very angry?' she asked me from her fortification. 'Captain Firmin says I have done so wrong—and he thinks I have.'

'I do,' said the invalid in a serious tone, that made Agnes's voice sound sobbingly as she began in her most nervous manner. 'Must I tell you how it was? Please promise to forgive me. I was in such despair—for people kept going to papa about me, although I'm sure I always tried to be rude to them. I knew he would decide upon somebody some day. But I was so frightened when you prop—posed to me, and said papa wished me to mar—marry you, Mr Landore—that is, I mean I liked you extremely, you are so' (numerous eulogistic adjectives here uttered in most winsome way).

'But you know I had solemnly promised myself—I mean, had promised Lawrence Firmin—I mean had promised him to myself' (the girl was in a pitiable state of confusion, but I was not going to ease her explanation for her—guessing the black worst that was reaching me); 'and then I fancied you didn't care for me very particularly; and I thought that if I pretended to be engaged to you, nobody else could marry me until—that is—I could wait until—something—might turn' ('Up,' I suggested, with gloomy resignation to my now certain fate)—'no: turn papa's heart to Law—Law' ('War,' you must mean, I bitterly muttered)—'Lawrence. Well, papa was so ill after you left us, and I had to read the *Times* to him. Gradually I gave him bits of Russell's letters: he grew to like them. The story of the Alma quite stirred his feelings, and did him good. Just as he got better, Law—Captain Firmin returned from the East, and, by happy chance, came down here, for his family live in this county. He was the first of the wounded that arrived at Heleshore; so all the town met him at the station, and had arches and addresses, and cheered him as he was carried out of the train. Papa was quite as enthusiastic as the crowd, and went up to welcome him; and asked him to come to us, and, of course, likes him immensely, now he knows him well. He is gaining strength fast, and stands well at headquarters, and is to be a major directly. So we explained the whole matter to papa; and it's all right.' Agnes in her exultant finale had utterly forgotten my claims.

'But you promised to marry me,' I expostulated feebly.

'Never!' she answered with a covert smile. 'You only asked if you might "call me yours," and I said that you might—because, of course, I could not prevent your calling me whatever you liked.'

With that miserable quibble was I discarded. Yet, would any one believe it! I am of such a mean-spirited nature, and have so little self-respect, that I go constantly to dine with Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs Firmin, and have even become surety for the good behaviour of a certain infant belonging to them.

TWIN STARS.

WE don't now care much for the stars. If they all went out, we should perhaps feel a little uneasy, but scarcely grieve for them. On one hand, town-life, with its gas-lamps and fogs, seldom permits of our looking at the stars; on the other, after the day's work is done, the club, the paper, or the fire-side claim all that is left of us: we want something more stimulating or less fatiguing than astronomy. Then, too, we know all about it. Science has had its say. The wonders of the spectroscope have amused us for a moment, and we have turned to something else. Nor is it strange. In botany we have, indeed, hard names, but no name can undo the graceful tenderness of the lily, nor the glory of the rose; each object is not a bare entity, but a centre round which a thousand fancies twine. Gneiss, grauwasche, shale, and schist suggest but little, yet who can forget the tender pathos with which, out of the pebble from the mine, the tiny curls of the fern frond tell of untimely death in days long gone.

But in astronomy we have numbers all ending

with six ciphers, distances we cannot comprehend. We are told, to help us, that light needs three and a quarter years to wing its way across the chasm betwixt us and the nearest star. Vain mockery! Who knows—who feels how fast light travels? One hundred and ninety thousand miles per second has no more realised meaning than *Abacadabra*. How much better to confess that we cannot realise it. The distance of our sun we cannot understand; that sharp definite ninety-one million miles is a far more incomprehensible thing than the abstract essence of goodness or beauty.

Nay if we could, by some fancy flight, passing that of poet's soul, make this a living reality, no better could we bridge over the gulf from star to star: the two are not comparable. If we map out our universe, and bring two stars on our chart, each system will be microscopic—if we picture the system, the stars on such a map will be miles apart.

Yet we feel, after all, there is an interest in astronomy if we can but reach it; and perhaps our best plan to strengthen our sympathies will be to narrow our field. We will not talk of stars, but of one star. Further, we will not talk of the nearest star, nor the brightest star, nor the most wonderful star, but of a commonplace star, which happens to be the star we know the most about—the star 61 Cygni. The reader may well indignantly exclaim: 'Who gave you that name?' However, we must not blame its godfather, Flamsteed, whose catalogue was made for purposes rather practical than poetical.

61 Cygni, then, is a star in the Swan, in the end of the southern wing, and about as faint as any the naked eye can see. It can be easily found, as the stars ϵ and τ with it form a right-angled triangle, of which τ is the right angle. To the naked eye there is nothing whatever of interest in the star above its fellows. Being close by the Milky-way, many such stars are scattered about. But a glance with a telescope will at once reveal one point of distinction. The other stars but shine brighter when so viewed. 61 Cygni shews as two yellowish specks close side by side. It is, in fact, a double star. We have two stars instead of one. What right have we, then, to join them in a single name? It may be but a chance that we see two stars in the same direction, one nearly behind the other—two strangers met, not two brothers arm-in-arm. Well, there is no doubt on the matter; we see them pass along together. Fixed stars we call them, and so they appear to our eyes; but when the Chaldean shepherds watched the stars, 61 Cygni had a far different position; then it was in the apex of the Swan's southern wing, now it has floated on among the quill feathers. And though no eye then noted the twin stars, for two hundred years past the pair has been watched slowly floating on together through the infinite void. More than that, as our planets acknowledge the ruling sun in their stately dance around him, so, too, these twin stars, with graceful, though slow observance, wheel each round the other. Five hundred times our earth will encircle the sun before these linked stars have trodden a single round. How different to our world, where the sun sits as king, circled by his dependent planets, knowing no rival. Yonder each sun sees not only dependants, but an equal.

Such, then, is our star. But if this were all, we should know but little. Do its suns surpass ours

in glory, and is it because they are so distant that their light is so faint? On what scale is the system framed? To answer these queries is one of the hardest problems in practical astronomy. We must find the distance of the star.

The principle we employ is a simple one. If the reader but shift his head from side to side, he will see, wherever he looks, each object shift to and fro on those behind it. This page shifts to and fro on the carpet, the gaselier shifts to and fro on the window, the window-frame shifts to and fro on the house-tops we see through it, and the distant house-tops, again, shift to and fro on the remoter clouds. The least trial will convince any, that if we refer all three, gaselier, window-frame, and house-tops, to the distant clouds, the shifting of our head will reveal their differing distance. The farthest appears to shift the least, and the nearest the most. And if we measure through what angle each object seems to shift, and know how far our head has moved, a simple rule-of-three sum will give the distance of the object. This is so simple a principle, that we have often seen it unconsciously employed by those who are not much versed in science. We walk through a wood; suddenly we are startled by a tiny caterpillar hanging on his silken cord just in our path. We strike at it with our hand, to clear the way, and miss. Instinctively, we move our head from side to side, to test, by the apparent shifting of the grub, as viewed on the boughs beyond, its true distance, and so better aim our blow.

Of course, this method requires, when we apply it to the stars, a background of very distant stars, on which the nearer may be seen to shift. 61 Cygni has such a background. It is near the Milky-way, and stars far smaller than it, and doubtless far more distant, are scattered by to which to refer it.

No moving, indeed, from side to side in our chair will enable us to see 61 Cygni shift to and fro upon the stars beyond it, not even if we hurried to the antipodes and back again; but the patient earth carries us round its vast orbit every year, and half-year by half-year we shift our position through 180,000,000 miles. To this motion of ours to and fro, corresponds a shifting of 61 Cygni on the background of tiny stars. Look at the full moon, and fancy a line across her disk divided into two thousand equal parts. Through such a tiny interval as one of these will 61 Cygni appear to shift to and fro as we change our point of view from side to side of our enormous orbit. The reader may imagine how powerful the telescope and how accurate the observer required to establish such a result.

This amount of shifting shews that 61 Cygni is some five hundred thousand times as far off as our sun. If we made a map in which the orbit of our earth was of the size of a sixpence, to preserve the scale 61 Cygni should be marked down some three miles off.

Now we know the scale of our system, for, seeing how large it looks, knowing how far off it is, we can compute how large it really is. The two stars, it appears, are some forty times as far from each other as we are from the sun. More dry figures? No; for we do not dwell on them, but use them to obtain more interesting results. Prospero's wand, in itself, had probably as little beauty as other sticks; but wave it rightly, and fairies dance and sing before the astonished eyes. Such, could we but rightly use them, would these dry numbers be.

It is not for nothing that our stars slowly circle round each other, but in obedience to their mutual attraction. On the intensity of that attraction depends the motion. If we find two bodies, though near together, moving but slowly round each other, we learn that the bodies attract each other but little. Our earth, owing to its large mass, attracts us considerably, if we let it; it drags us down rapidly, dashing us down over sixty feet in a couple of seconds. Even a cannon-ball, before it has gone far, is drawn down to the surface. A ball flying some twenty-five times as fast as a cannon-ball, let alone the resistance of the air, would go round and round the earth, just kept from flying off. At the distance of the moon, the earth's pull is only the $\frac{1}{2500}$ th part as strong as where we are, so that the moon, though moving far more slowly, still keeps her distance. Now, the sun is far more distant than the moon, but owing to his far greater mass, he pulls the earth far harder than the earth pulls the moon. So we have to move much faster in our orbit, to prevent being pulled in to the sun, than the moon in her orbit to prevent being pulled in to the earth. Now, each star in 61 Cygni goes about three-quarters of a mile in a second; the earth, if as far from the sun as they from each other, would have to go some three and a half miles per second. We see, thus, that the sun pulls harder than these stars pull each other. The strength of the pull depends on the mass of the body pulling; and thus it has been calculated that the two stars contain each of them about one-ninth the matter that there is in the sun.

We know, then, the weight of one star. We have found it by the only way we have for weighing great masses as planets and suns. We have no scales to place them in; we cannot take up worlds and lay them in the balance with other worlds; but the telescope watches how fast they pull other stars or planets to them, and thus discovers their mass, and thence their weight. Two hundred-pound shot, placed with their centres two feet apart, and free to obey their mutual attraction, will move towards each other $\frac{1}{15}$ th of an inch in the first minute. If we saw two shot, two feet apart, draw together $\frac{1}{15}$ th of an inch in the first minute, we should know that they each weigh two hundred pounds.

If, then, we take two-ninths of our sun, and mould each ninth part into a sphere, and place them half as far again apart as our farthest planet is from the sun, we get the visible system of 61 Cygni. Doubtless, just as our sun fosters and guides many dark bodies depending on him for light, so these twin stars have circling round each an attendant band of planets. Smaller, indeed, than ours these planets may well be, the suns themselves being small, and in smaller compass; yet, all this complex system, at such a vast distance, shews to the naked eye but as a tiny speck of light.

We have spoken of taking two-ninths of the sun, and making two stars of them; if we did so, each portion would expand a little, and if the surface were as bright as the sun, the two together would give half the light he does. Removed to the vast distance of 61 Cygni, the light would be lessened some 250,000,000,000 times. Yet, when so lessened, we should still have some eight times the light 61 Cygni does give. 61 Cygni must, therefore, be dull and condensed. How can we

explain this? Our readers may remember that a while ago, when treating of Algol, we spoke of the life of stars—the young as hot and rarefied, the older as cooler and denser. Algol appears to be such a young star. Stars, too, do not all grow old alike quickly; it is size which chiefly determines the rate of cooling. A little star would pass through fiery youth, its sober middle life, and its dull old age, whilst some larger one had not yet lost the heat and rarity of its first bloom. We have, in fact, three stars—Algol, our sun, and 61 Cygni, types of the three stages: Algol still in its vastness of intensest lustre; our sun, a smaller star, in its calm middle age; and 61 Cygni, least of the three, most condensed and dullest. There is the life of a star as the life of man; some rejoicing in their fiery might; others spending a more tranquil as more useful maturity; others fading away—all, sooner or later, doomed to extinction.

Very diverse from our celestial scenery would be the view presented on any attendant of 61 Cygni. There is no reason to doubt the existence of such attendant planets. Each separate star will have a system of its own, just as Jupiter and Saturn have each a system of attendant moons exclusively their own. Suppose, then, a planet circling round one of the stars of 61 Cygni, and, in order to fix our ideas, imagine it as far from it as Mercury is from our sun. The star round which it revolves will be its sun, giving it about one-fourth the light and heat we receive; the other star in 61 Cygni will appear to this planet as a star of surpassing lustre, giving fourteen times the light of our full moon. Venus is beautiful, but what glory would a star a thousand times as bright give to the darkness of night? During its year of two hundred and sixty days, beautiful would the changes of the heavens be. Now, this farther sun will be in opposition, rising at sunset, and shining through the night. Now, a later season in the year would shew it an evening star, soon for a while to be lost in the blaze of the sun. But a week or two, and it would herald the dawn; and so, year by year, the beautiful cycle would roll round. We love the varying changes of the moon: there are in this our universe other arrangements, no less beautiful, though utterly diverse.

Vast, indeed, is the distance of our star; but, great though it be, it is very small compared with the size of the world of stars. Could we, in fancy, fly to 61 Cygni, the nearer stars would glide backward amongst the rest, as the trees in the fields, when we hurry along by railway, move backward on the horizon. Yet most would seem stationary, like the distant hills, whose peaks present to our eye an unchanged rank as we pass on mile after mile. Vega, there, shining as brightly as Sirius shines on us, would be shifted back from the Lyre into the Crown, the brighter gems of which would have fallen from their setting. Arcturus there has chased Spica, and would have nearly caught it, had not that coy star too fled. The heavens would be much altered—all the brighter stars shifted from their places; the Heart of Charles torn from the Dogs, round whose neck it now hangs; the Great Bear with its back broken; all the old familiar groups confused, though many still possibly to be recognised.

As one by one we pick up our old friends, Sirius, Rigel, Capella, and the rest, some brighter, some fainter, one star appears we never saw

before. There, in the constellation of the Ship Argo, where on earth we see no bright star, would be one as large as the Pole-star, shining with a clear yellowish light. We look at our map: no such star is there marked. It is our sun. Not a planet is visible; not only the earth, but the giants Jupiter and Saturn, all are lost in that tiny speck of light. Nor is it impossible that in this our distant world papers may be written on astronomy, in some of which our sun may be lightly mentioned, and our existence perchance surmised as dwellers in a tiny planet circling round a little sun.

Yet why suppose life to exist on this far-off globe? Why should we not rather regard it as peculiar to our earth, and its absence from any planet at least as likely as its presence? So men might well reason once; now, they scarcely may. The analogy of our earth leads us to believe life exists wherever possible. We go down into the darkest depths, and there, in the crushed and calcined rocks of oldest birth, read the half-effaced lines that tell of life, though it be but the track of the worm on the sandy shore. All past time is full of life, and now—where does not life exist? The polar snows are rosy with tiny life, the black depths of ocean are full of busy land-builders, the air itself is full of living germs. Life on earth is something so elastic, so irrepressibly expansive, as at last to triumph over all opposing forces. And to what point does all growth in knowledge tend? Is it not this: that the universe is One, planned by one Creator, guided by one Ruler? From what we know, then, which is, but little, we gather that life exists wherever possible. Yet, on earth, no life has yet mastered the sands of the Sahara, or the snow-clad mountain-tops; so there are other parts of the universe where no life can exist. There is none, we believe, in the moon, for reasons we have given in a former paper; none in the sun, nor in any star. Yet their attendant planets have swarmed, do swarm, or will swarm with life such time as those planets possess seas, atmospheres, and a rapid rotation.

WON—NOT WOODED.

CHAPTER III.—MRS MARSHALL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rude rebuff which, as she imagined, her approaches towards Miss Denham had been received, Mrs Marshall was not discouraged. She was determined to make friends with a young lady who was acknowledged to be the belle of *The Grand*, and likely to reign there during her stay. The humiliation was not greater perhaps than many of us are prepared to undergo under analogous, if not quite similar circumstances. We 'put up' with a great deal in order to win the acquaintance of celebrities of all sorts; and if in this case the reflected splendour of such a friendship could be but short-lived, upon the other hand it would be patent to all eyes. It would not be necessary to state Mabel's claims to admiration, as it unhappily so often is with literary, scientific, and other lions. Her surpassing beauty spoke for itself. To be seen with her even as chaperone, duenna, or familiar gossip, would be to hold a position in the hotel of some social importance, and one which would make the young men civil to her; and the civilities of young men were very

welcome to Mrs Marshall. This respectable old lady resembled in some respects an individual whom she would have liked to have known immensely—the Wandering Jew. Her age was fabulous; lost, indeed, in the mist of ages. She had neither relatives nor a home, but passed her life in migrations from place to place. If Timbuctoo had become a fashionable resort, in Timbuctoo she would undoubtedly have been found at the due season. In the early spring she honoured Brighton with her presence; with her man Melcombe, and her maid-servant Janet, she took up her quarters at the Megatherium mansion (on the West Cliff), where she delighted its proprietor by her condescension in dining at the public table; but the fact was that to have dined with less than a dozen people would have given this devotee of society an indigestion. She was ever greedy for new acquaintances; her affection for whom grew as rapidly, and perished as abruptly, as Jack's beanstalk in the fairy tale. If any of them were celebrities, so much the better; and they must have been exclusive indeed, and wary as the Indian of the prairies, to have eluded her attentions. But if unknown to fame, she conferred upon them such attributes as, if they had not been evolved from her imagination, would have been well deserving of a public statue. Mr Brown was, she would assure you, 'altogether out of the common way,' and 'a most superior person;' that 'it was a treat to listen to him, he was so full of anecdote;' he was 'the best of men,' and 'a blood-relation of the late Earl of Babbleton.' Or Mrs Smith was 'simply the sweetest creature, my dear'—she called almost every one 'my dear,' quite independent of sex or age—'the very sweetest that I have ever come across. None of your talkers, but oh, so full of thought! To see her tat—you know what tatting is, of course—it's quite a picture!'

If three months afterwards you should chance to mention these amazing folks to Mrs Marshall, she would pretend to have forgotten all about them. 'My Janet will remember, I daresay; she has the most wonderful recollection for names and people; but for my part I see so many new faces.' But in this the old lady did her own powers of memory great injustice; she forgot neither face nor name; and upon her recollection of such matters she relied, and with reason, for the prosecution of her social calling. Her new favourites eclipsed her old ones without absolutely erasing them. She went to London for a few weeks in the season, because 'all the world' could not be there without her. But she did not like town; the hotels had too shifting a tenantry to suit her, and of course a London boarding-house was 'not to be thought of.' Such was her own expression; but the fact was that she had thought of it more than once, and with some favour; but she was afraid of broaching the subject to Melcombe. He was a man, upon whose calves if you had placed black gaiters, who would have passed for a bishop anywhere, except in the colonies, for which he would have been far too august. In the autumn, Mrs Marshall pruned her wings for Leamington, Scarborough, Matlock, or Shingleton-on-Sea, where we now find her. In the winter, she moulted, it was not known where, but it is my belief she went to Bath. At all events, in the spring, when she came out quite fresh again, she used to vaguely attribute that miracle to 'the waters;' and it is certainly at Bath that ladies of

her description do hibernate in prodigious numbers. She had also a store of marvellous anecdotes connected with card-playing—such as how General Jones and others had sat up to their knees in cards for eight-and-forty hours at a stretch, or rather without a stretch, which could only have emanated from that dissolute but superannuated city. A necessary result of Mrs Marshall's constant migrations and protracted experience was, that she knew somebody wherever she went, or, if not themselves, their relatives, up to the fourth generation. She had met Mrs Frederick Pennant's mother years ago, when the latter was herself a bride, and upon that indisputable ground had made acquaintance with her daughter.

'When I look at you, my dear, I seem to see your poor dear mamma again. We lost sight of one another for many years, but we were fast friends at one time, though, of course, there was a great disparity of years between us. I was three times her age then—for she was but a girl—and now I suppose I am four times yours. Your good husband is amazingly like what my Henry used to be at his age, just half a century ago. Here's his portrait on this bracelet. The hair, and eyes, and features are different, but the complexion, you see, is very similar. My Henry did not joke so much as yours—he had too classical a mind for humour—rather severe, perhaps, until you came to know him. He died in youth.—Thank you, I always carry my own smelling-salts about with me. I get them at Cox's at Harrogate, and it's wonderful how they keep their strength. If you use my name—and you're quite welcome—you are sure to get the best. I have it by the dozen bottles, on account of my extreme sensibility, and also because there is a reduction upon taking a quantity.'

Mrs Marshall was not a character to suit Mrs Frederick Pennant's taste, but the claim she had made to her acquaintanceship could be scarcely disallowed. One's father's friend, or he who professes to have been such, is not, as men well know, an individual to be lightly shaken off; and the same thing holds among women. Under cover of this family connection (which in reality had consisted in the interchange of a few formal visits between Mrs Marshall and Mrs Denham, upon which occasions the latter lady had become a sacrifice to her own scrupulous regard for truth by being 'at home'), 'the General' had pushed her advances with Julia so far that she had twice reached the Pennants' private sitting-room. Frederick had stood to his guns the first time, or rather, too brave to flee, had remained to endure all the horrors incident to an indefensible post which is carried by assault. An Englishman's house is his castle, and a first-floor apartment at *The Grand*, he had fondly thought, was equally inviolate. The fire and sword of Mrs Marshall's eloquent reminiscence had laid it waste, however, for a full hour, and he had registered a vow that, *with him in it*, they should never do so again. On the second invasion, therefore, when the herald brought the summons to surrender, or, in other words, the waiter presented Mrs Marshall's card, Frederick had with uncalculating precipitation fled into the balcony, from which there was no outlet, and where he had remained for hours wild with rage, and exposed to the gravest suspicion of playing an eaves-dropper at his next neighbour's open window. He had listened willy-nilly to all that had passed

between his wife and her visitor. He had heard the latter express her delight at finding the former quite alone, since they could now have 'a nice long chat together over old times.' She had even congratulated Julia upon his being 'out,' little guessing, poor old soul, that he was only outside.

'It is just as well, my dear, that he should leave you at times, so don't you fret about *that*, as I see you have been doing: he will not get tired of you half so soon, if he has his liberty occasionally. It's not in man's nature, as it is in ours, my dear, to be always attentive and devoted. What I always used to say to Henry, when I saw him getting moped, was: "Don't mind me, Hen, but go and have your fling"—rather a vulgar expression, you are thinking, my dear; I can read it in your eye; but the fact is, between man and wife—you are not a wife yet, my dear; you may think you are; but you're not—you are only a bride, which is very different—it's much better, I say, between man and wife, to be outspoken. If ever I should marry again—What's that noise in the balcony? It sounds like a cat spitting.—Where was I?—"O Hen," said I, "go and have your fling." Then he would go to his study, and read Plutarch or Plato, or something of that sort, for he had an eminently classical mind. The nature of the fling, of course, depends upon one's husband's character. I daresay, Mr Pennant, now, is having a quiet game at billiards. There's no harm in that, except in what it leads to. I've a dear old Scotch friend—a lady of the first quality, with a title in her own right—"I dinna mind Donald" (that's her husband)—"dinna mind his drinkin', and—and—sic-like," she says; "but what I do object to is his takin' to cards or sic things as you lose money by." And do you warn your husband against betting with that Major Pomeroy at billiards. My dear, he would win the shirt off his back, as I have known him to do, or something very like it, with half-a-dozen other young men, who had no suspicion of what was going to happen to them. He looks so old and decrepit, you see, that they are naturally desirous to challenge him; they expect an easy victory, and then they find themselves in the wrong box. He is as sharp as a ferret, and looks uncommonly like one, with his wig off. My dear, I have seen him in a place that shall be nameless—well, I may tell *you* in confidence that it was at my Lord Bilberry's, after a picnic in the open air—I have seen that man put his wig on the end of his walking-stick, for coolness, and because he had had too much champagne, and laugh like a demon.—There's that nasty cat again.—My dear, I see nothing to laugh at in a man's making old age ridiculous in that manner. The idea of his taking off the wig that Heaven had given to him—for it had supplied him with the means to procure it—and exposing his gray hairs in that manner! You wouldn't like to see *me* do it, I hope.' (Mrs Pennant hung her head, and covered her face with her hands, while her whole frame shook with emotion.) 'Of course, not; you are sorry even to hear me suggest such a thing.—Puss, puss! I hate a cat, because of that horrible idea of its sucking your breath when you're asleep; but I always speak civilly to the creatures, especially when they are black. It may be superstition, but there must have been something in all those stories about black cats and witchcraft; and like the gentleman

who took off his hat to the fallen statue of Jupiter, I always wish to be on the safe side in everything. Why does a cat spit, for instance? Tell me that. She doesn't smoke like a man, you know, and she can't be *always* quarrelling with her husband. The thing's inexplicable.—My dear, would you mind my pulling the bell, and ordering myself a cup of tea? I generally take one at this time, and especially if I can get a nice person to listen to me. I talk so much better over tea, just as a man does over his cigar. You must let me have it put down to my own bill; you must, indeed. Very well, if you insist; else I know some husbands don't like it: "Here's a shilling," they say, "for that horrible old woman's tea." Money, my dear, is the touchstone of the male character. As for women, they are all mean, or nearly so. Ah, you think otherwise; but, then, you haven't lived quite so long in the world as I have. Of course, they are very tender-hearted; they'll give their tears quite cheerfully to any tale of distress—but that's all. They are worse than the American gentleman who considered that three-cent pieces were invented especially for the exercise of charity, for they will give nothing. I once went round to get subscriptions at Leamington, to buy a poor, would-be washerwoman a mangle. The excuses, my dear, from the great ladies—patronesses of the Hospital Ball, and holders of stalls at the Fancy Fair in aid of the Lunatic Asylum—were such as you wouldn't believe if they were written in a book. One of them discovered that the washerwoman did not belong to the Church of England, and tried to pick a quarrel with me (sooner than pay) for endeavouring to entrap her into subscribing towards a Presbyterian mangle. Another—it was the Dowager Lady Grimjaw—protested that nothing would have given her greater pleasure, but that she had passed a solemn promise to her husband on his deathbed not to indulge in indiscriminate charity. To tell me that that old woman is gone to heaven, my dear, is to give me a distaste for the place. But all women are skin-flints more or less. I should be one myself, if Melcombe would let me; but he keeps me straight, and puts a stop to all my little economies in the bud.'

Here, for the first time, Mrs Pennant ventured to interpose a remark beyond an interjection. 'I think you are too hard upon our sex, Mrs Marshall. They have, as a rule, much less money to spare for anything than men, and obtain what they have with greater difficulty; they have often to press and press for it, even when it is due, because the man will not part with his means of extravagance and dissipation'—

'Oh, my goodness!' interrupted the old lady. 'If he is so bad as that when he is a bridegroom, what will he come to, my poor dear, before the first six months are out? I am as sorry I have had this tea as can be. I have no more taste for it now than if it was hay and water. You must let me put it down to my own account.'

'But, my good Mrs Marshall,' remonstrated Ju, 'I am not speaking of *my* husband.'

'Yes, yes; of course, of course. You're quite right to say that. But whose husband can you be speaking of, my poor dear? But if he does keep you short, he's not worse than the rest of them, I do assure you.—There's that nasty cat again. I'll give it this cream, for it would choke me now to swallow it. Puss, Puss!'

'No, you mustn't; indeed, you mustn't,' said Julia, rising precipitately to interpose between the old lady and her purpose. 'My husband hates cats, and cream would only encourage the creature.' Her terror lest Fred. should be discovered in his hiding-place gave Julia the courage of despair; she protested that she had to go and dress, in order to be ready to walk out with him, and so contrived to get rid of the common enemy. But the alarm this invasion inspired in the breast of both bride and bridegroom was permanent, and the door of their apartment had been jealously guarded against her ever since.

Mrs Marshall herself was dimly conscious that she was shunned; but her desire to make the acquaintance of the admired Mabel now gave her an audacity even beyond the intrepidity with which nature had endowed her.

She had fortunately overheard Mr Flint invite Mr Pennant to smoke a cigar with him after dinner; and when the ladies rose from the table-d'hôte, she at once addressed herself to Julia.

'My dear,' said she, 'since you are going to be alone with your sweet sister, can you "do with me," as the Irish call it, just for half an hour? I have got something very particular to tell you; and as the daughter of my beloved old friend—Thank you, my dear; I knew you would. You needn't introduce me to Miss Mabel—she will excuse me calling her by her Christian name—because I have introduced myself. I shall borrow her arm to help me up these stairs. There's a dear, good girl. How all the young men are envying me, I'll wager!'

She had conquered; but the victory had been gained, as it were, by a dead lift. Mrs Pennant's acquiescence had not been over-gracious, and she now felt angry with herself for having given way at all. She knew it would vex her husband to find this dreadful old lady established in their room when he returned, and she even suspected that her admission had been obtained under false pretences.

'Well, Mrs Marshall, and what is your news?' inquired she somewhat austere, when they had all three seated themselves in front of the open window.

'My news?' returned Mrs Marshall with her accustomed vivacity, not unprecedented, however, by a start of surprise. 'Yes, yes; very true; I must not forget my news. My dear Mrs Pennant, my sweet Miss Mabel, you will be the first to hear about it. I promised myself that you two should be the very first. You saw those two gentlemen who came so late to the table-d'hôte. Everybody saw them, of course, and everybody is talking of them. Such a very remarkable pair, and such a contrast! Major Pomeroy would give his head to be here: he won't find it easy to make their acquaintance in a hurry—not he. Well, my dears, I know all about them; they are the Wapshots of Winthrop. You have heard of them, without doubt! What! Not of the Wapshots of—What am I talking of? I meant, of course, to say that they were the Winthrops of Wapshot.'

CHAPTER IV.—'A LADY'S CONFAB.'

The remarkable revelation just made by Mrs Marshall to her two young companions had by no means the effect which she had looked for.

The Denham family had been 'buried alive' in an obscure southern village, separated by the whole length of England from Wapshot, which had but a very uncertain sound in their ears. They knew that it was not a cathedral city; but, beyond that, they knew nothing more than that such a place existed. The name was not one of those which at once absorbed the attention—such as Great Grimsby—and they would not have even known where to look for it on the map. Mrs Frederick Pennant confessed her ignorance upon this vital point with considerable sang-froid.

'But you must at least have heard of the Winthrops, my love,' argued Mrs Marshall, growing more affectionate, as her hostess cooled in manner. 'Why, the Winthrops are the oldest family, except the Howards, in England. They have had the most curious hereditary disease—I think it's on the first joint of the little finger; but we shall soon see that—for five hundred years. You must have heard of the Winthrops.'

'We never have,' returned Mrs Pennant wearily, 'I do assure you. What have they ever done?'

'Done, my dear? What strange ideas you have! I hope it is not necessary, at least in this country, for an old family like that to have done anything, to be respected or looked up to. They have lived in the same place, father and son, since the Conquest.'

'My dear Mrs Marshall,' returned her hostess, laughing, 'there is a farmer in our parish—although he is decayed in fortune now, and indeed his son is the postman—whose family has done the same; yet, I daresay, you have never heard of them?'

'But, my dear Mrs Pennant, the Winthrops have always had ten thousand a year, and given the tone to the county. This man—the very one you have just seen down-stairs—is the first of his line who ever thought of leaving the Hall. Wapshot Hall is in one of the show-places of England, with a priest's hole, and a haunted wing, and everything. Well, instead of staying there, as was expected of him, no sooner did he come of age than he married, and took his wife all round the world for her honeymoon. I remember the sensation which the matter created in society, as though it happened yesterday. Of course, everybody thought he wanted to kill her, which seemed so strange in a bridegroom; and nobody was at all surprised when he came home again without her.'

'Poor thing!' exclaimed Mabel pitifully; 'it did kill her then, did it?'

'Listen, and you shall hear, my dear.—Yes; another cup of tea, if you please, for telling stories always parches my throat: if I was much of a talker, I should soon die, that's certain.—No, Mr Winthrop didn't kill his bride—or rather his wife, for the affair happened some months after they set sail—but he did worse, if anything—he lost her!'

'Lost her!' echoed both the young ladies with genuine interest: 'do you mean that she was drowned at sea?'

'Not a bit of it, my dears. Better for her, perhaps, if she had been; for Heaven only knows what she went through. She was cast away upon a desert island.'

'What! alone?'

'Yes; or, at least, I believe she had a servant with her; but he was eaten by the savages.'

'Lor, Mrs Marshall!'

The raconteur's victory was complete. Both the

young ladies drew nearer—"hitched their chairs up," we should have written had they been men, for that is what they *did*—and anxiously regarded their visitor. "Eaten? Why, I thought you said the island was uninhabited?"

"Well, there was nobody there, my dears, to be called anybody. Let me see; it was not Aragon, of course—Aragon is not an island. Ah! it was Patagonia."

"The land of giants!" ejaculated Mabel.

"Just so, my love; but not a wheeled conveyance in the place, let alone a caravan. It has been always a matter of surprise to me she didn't write a book about it; Lady Hester Stanhope did, you know, as well as many other ladies of quality who have had similar experiences. But, as far as I remember, Lady Hester never came home again, so there was no advantage in her case, whereas Mrs Winthrop did, and would without doubt have been a lion—it's curious one never says lioness, when it's a female—nay, the lion of the London season, and paid all her expenses in Patagonia besides: not that *they* would have been much, by all accounts; she could not have gone into society, for there was none to go into; and as for milliners' bills, there was a heartless joke, I remember, at the time of her having come home "in weeds."

"My dear Mrs Marshall!" exclaimed Julia reprovingly.

"It was most unfeeling, my dear, I know that—I only mention the fact to exhibit the want of feeling of the fashionable world. The Winthrop necklace—made of sea-shells—had quite a run throughout that summer."

"But how in the world came this poor lady to be cast ashore without her husband?" inquired Mrs Pennant. "What became of the ship?"

"Oh, the ship was all safe enough; the ship was in the Sound—as I was told the story—though it could hardly have been within hearing. I don't understand those nautical matters myself. My own idea is, that she and the servant were being towed in the boat behind, and that her husband slyly undid the rope, and sailed away. I can't answer for the actual facts. Naval accounts are always so obscure. Admiral Boreas, to whom I narrated the thing, said that Winthrop must have "cut the painter;" but I could make nothing of his remark, for Mr Winthrop painted himself—I mean, of course, pictures, and not as the Patagonians did—in a small way; and so it was *she*, as I told the admiral, if anybody, who must have cut the painter. But he only laughed in his rude loud way: he was what is called a very "bluff" man, and died (as I always said he would) of an apoplexy."

"But how did this poor lady get home again?" inquired Mabel.

"Well, it was something connected with the trade-winds, whatever they are, that brought her. An English ship, just four years afterwards, was waiting for the trade-winds, or driven by the trade-winds off the coast of Patagonia, and picked her up on the sea-shore with her child."

"With her child?" ejaculated Mrs Frederick, with quite a little scream.

"Well, yes, of course. The fact is, Mrs Winthrop, poor dear soul, was in an interesting situation when she was cast away, and, of course, not so much as a pin-cushion in the way of preparation. But, however, Heaven tempers the wind to the infant without baby-linen, and both mother and

child did uncommonly well. The savage people treated them both with great kindness, though it may sometimes have been misdirected—they would not let her cut up her own food, for one thing, and they had not such an article as a knife amongst them; and their drinks were made very much in the same way. "Manners none, and customs abominable," as the midshipman said.—Yes, I'll have one more cup of tea, my dear, since you are so good; and that shall be the last, for I make a point of never exceeding five."

"But, my dear Mrs Marshall," said the hostess, when she had complied with this modest demand, "what was the husband—this Mr Winthrop, of Wapshot—doing all this time?"

"Well, my dear, he was living quite broken-hearted, upon the family estate, from which he ought never to have stirred, except at the due seasons. He apparently did all he could to recover his wife; perhaps he was really sorry when he found he had got rid of her—husbands sometimes are. A storm drove the ship out to sea on the very day the boat was missing; but he returned as soon as he could—it cost him a mint of money to persuade the captain—and remained off and on the coast for weeks. At last he gave up the matter in despair, came home, and buried himself in seclusion. The county families were thus placed in a most embarrassing position, since nobody of any consideration could permit his daughter to marry a man whose estate was entailed, and whose lawful wife and child might turn up at any time. And very lucky it was for all parties that he remained single, since, exactly four years after his sad loss, Mrs Winthrop reappeared again with the son and heir—that very handsome young man, my dears, whom you have just seen with his father at the table-d'hôte."

"A very bold and impudent young man," observed Mrs Pennant: "I never was so stared at in my life."

"A young man with ten thousand a year in land entailed upon him can afford to stare, my dear: his manners may be Patagonian, but so is his fortune, you must recollect. It assumed giant proportions during these four years which Mr Winthrop spent in seclusion; though of late, they do say, that the young man himself has made a considerable hole in his father's savings."

"But what has become of his mother?" inquired Mabel. "It seems to me that she is the most interesting person of the three."

"She may have been at one time, my dear, but the fact is, she has been dead these twelve months, though I see that Mr Winthrop, who has excellent taste, still wears slight mourning for her. I'll look in the *County Families*, which I always carry about me—that and the Bible, my dear, are the only books that an old woman like me need possess—but I don't think he can be a day more than forty. Upon my word, if I was a young girl, I should be puzzled to know which to take—the son or the father."

"My dear Mrs Marshall," expostulated Julia, "how can you say such things!"

Mabel was looking out to sea, thinking, perhaps, of the unhappy lady cast away by the cruel waves on that far-off inhospitable shore; and she did not see the expressive glance which her sister gave towards herself, in disapproval of the old lady's remark.

Mrs Marshall nodded a great number of times, to shew that she understood the reproof, and then smiled as many more, to prove that it had not put her out of temper.

'Quite right, my dear,' she whispered, yet not so low but that, in so calm an evening, Mabel could hear every syllable: 'one shouldn't put such things into young people's heads. It is not natural to them to entertain such ideas. It is the young man, of course, who takes their fancy. A gentleman of forty seems to them to rival Methuselah. Your dear mother indeed shewed a mature judgment at a comparatively early age; but it's not usual.'

'Hush!' exclaimed Mrs Pennant imperatively, and pointing to the farther window, which was closed, but through which could be seen three gentlemen standing on the balcony, and watching the sunset; the odour of their cigars was also very perceptible; at the same time, Mabel drew hastily back from the open window, but not before one of the three had perceived her, and with a movement of courteous apology, removed his Havana from his lips, and threw it upon the croquet-ground beneath.

'There was no occasion to do that, my good sir,' said the cheery voice of Mr Frederick Pennant; 'my wife and sister-in-law are very indulgent in the matter of tobacco.'

'Why, who on earth can my husband and Mr Flint have got with them?' whispered Mrs Pennant with amazement. 'Why, I do believe it's that very Mr Winthrop we have just been talking about!'

'Then we'll certainly have him in,' cried Mrs Marshall, rising and hurrying to the window, with a speed of which her years and limbs would have seemed wholly incapable.

Mrs Pennant caught at her gown with an incisive 'Don't!' but too late to stop the impulsive old lady.

'I have got a bone to pick with you, Mr Flint,' cried she gaily, 'on account of a trick you put on me at dinner; and I'll only forgive you on condition that you'll come a little nearer, and let us enjoy the full flavour of those excellent cigars.'

This *coup de main* of the intrepid Mrs Marshall brought about at once a result which would have taken her at least a week of her usual social tactics to have effected: the whole party were introduced to Mr Winthrop of Wapshot upon the spot, and that under circumstances which precluded all stiffness and formality. The 'affair' was spoken of by 'the General' for years afterwards with a pardonable pride, as one of the most successful and complete in which she had been ever professionally engaged.

INDUSTRY UNDER THE PORTE.

IN Turkey, an artisan class cannot be said to be non-existent, but it bears a very small proportion to the rest of the population—the great mass of the people drawing their livelihood from the cultivation of the soil. Agricultural operations are carried on in two ways. In one, and that the more common, the labourer is a sort of partner; in the other, he works for wages in cash and kind. Agricultural labourers of the first class are termed *Ortakdjis*; they pay all costs of cultivation, and perform, with the aid of their families, all the necessary labour; the farm-owner finding seed, and providing stabling and house-room. The

produce (reaping, thrashing, and winnowing over) is equally divided, the *ortakdjis*'s part of the bargain being fulfilled when the landlord's share has been carried to the granary. If the proprietor finds oxen for ploughing, the labourer's share is reduced to two-fifths. Sometimes he gets half an acre of land for his sole use and profit, in return for such extra services as drawing wood and taking the farm produce to market. Sometimes the landlord prefers accepting a fixed quantity of produce, his working partner taking the chance of a better or worse harvest; then he is a *Kesemdji*, not an *Ortakdjis*. Men who work merely as servants are called *Ter-oglan*, and are engaged by the year, at a remuneration varying according to locality. In one district, the labourer will receive from sixty-eight to seventy-seven bushels of maize and rye, with a hundred piastres (about sixteen shillings English) in cash. In another, forty-five bushels of rye, barley, and millet, thirty-three and a half pounds of salt, half a horse-load of cabbages or leeks, half an ox-hide for sandals, and sixty to eighty piastres, are considered equivalent to a year's labour; while in a third district, seventy-three bushels of wheat, with no money at all, accord with the views of both master and man.

Labour is so far free, that a man can leave one employer for another at the end of his term, provided he owes the first nothing. If he is in his debt, he becomes a serf, except in name; for, being charged compound interest, the debt grows so quickly, it is soon more than he can ever hope to pay; and then he is liable to be transferred, with his debt, to any landowner thinking it worth while to pay off the original creditor. In these cases, the unlucky debtor receives so much grain every year, sufficient, if he has a family, to keep them and himself in a state of semi-starvation. So long as the Turkish labourer can avoid debt, he is not so badly off. Naturally of penurious economical habits, his wants are few. A two-penny earthenware pot is the only cooking utensil he needs to prepare his daily meal—a dish of beans or lentils, onions, salt pickled cabbage, garlic and pepper, eaten with bread of mixed grain. Salted cheese, olive oil, and hempseed oil are occasionally indulged in; but meat, wine, and spirits are reserved for festival days. These come rather frequently with the Christians—almost at the rate of one a week; for, counting Sundays, their idle days number one hundred in the course of the year. Many live upon bread, making five or six pounds a day of that suffice to keep body and soul together. Setting aside the victims of debt, the agricultural labourers are well clad, and there are but few who cannot boast the possession of a holiday suit, red leather shoes included—a suit they make last their lifetime. Their ordinary clothes are almost all made at home by their thrifty, hard-working wives; their working attire, consisting of cotton-twist shirt and drawers, thick woollen socks, an outer garment of dark woollen stuff, a red skull-cap covered with a cotton turban, and sandals of raw buffalo hide; and in winter of an overcoat of sheep-skin, with the wool inside. The women wear cotton garments, elaborately embroidered with bright home-dyed wools, and for a head-dress, a cotton kerchief, covering the neck and bosom.

The ordinary agricultural labourer lives in a one-roomed house, built of sun-dried square bricks,

upon a foundation of stone rubble, cemented with wetted clay and chopped straw. The rubble is carried about a foot above the surface of the ground, the walls being bound at intervals with strips of rough hewn oak, beech, or pine, running along their inner and outer edges, and fastened together by cross-pieces nailed to them. In some parts, the pent roof is covered with heavy slate or shale slabs, but light kiln-baked tiles are oftener used. The room itself is from eight to ten feet in height, and measures from twelve to fifteen feet square. It is provided with one or two very small unglazed windows, closing with sliding shutters, and an open fireplace with a flue. The whitewashed walls, some three feet thick, are studded with wooden pegs; and in their recesses, usually two or more, shelves are fitted, while another narrow shelf runs all round the room, near the ceiling. Such a house will cost twenty-five pounds. Prosperous labourers will have two or more rooms, besides stabling and out-houses. In the hilly districts of Macedonia, where stone and lime are easily procured, substantially built houses of two or three rooms are common enough; but whether the house be of stone or of clay, it is equally destitute of furniture within—chairs, tables, and bedsteads being articles unknown, or at anyrate undesired. A few straw-stuffed cushions, or even a piece or two of rush matting, placed upon the hard clay floor, supplies all the sitting or sleeping accommodation the occupants require. In fact, unless their domicile is provided with a sort of verandah, they prefer to take their rest, in summer at least, in the open air. In any case, they lie down in their clothes, covering themselves with a blanket, if they have it; if not, an overcoat serves the purpose.

Some enlightened Turkish land-owners would fain try the effect of the cultural machines familiar to the farmers of other countries, but are deterred from experimentalising by the impossibility of getting such aids to agriculture repaired in case of need. Skilled labour, deserving to be called so, is scarce in the dominions of the sultan; but the supply is quite equal to the demand—cheapness, not quality, being the one thing needful in wares intended for the Turkish market. Things should be better, if there is any virtue in royal patronage, seeing the sultans have made it a rule to associate themselves personally with one or other of the many trade guilds or *esnafs* of Constantinople. All town-dwelling native artisans are bound to belong to the guild of their trade, an institution they are said to owe to the Arabian califs. The *esnafs* are so far favoured by the state, that what property they possess is exempt from arbitrary seizure; but whether they earn that favour by the good they do is somewhat doubtful, their main object being rather the restraint than the development of industry. Some of them will admit only men of a particular race or creed, and so it comes about that all the saddlers and seal-engravers in Constantinople are Moslems, and the watchmakers, furriers, jewellers, tailors, and silk-workers, all Christians.

Artisans have to serve an apprenticeship of three, five, or seven years, according to the custom of their particular trade. His term served, the workman becomes a *Kalfa*, or companion, receiving wages from an *Oosta*, or master of a room. When he is rich enough to hire a room, and engage companions to work for him, he attains the dignity of

being an *oosta* himself. If he is ambitious enough to want a house to himself, he will have to pay about twenty-five shillings a month in rent; but if content to share a house with another, he can obtain a couple of rooms for sixteen shillings and eightpence a month. The greater number of artisans, however, have to make their home in an *oda*, or *khan*, a large building of many rooms let separately. What these *odas* are like we can learn from Mr Watson's description of two he visited. Of number one, he says: 'There are one hundred and fifty lodgers. In a room twelve feet by fifteen feet, and twelve feet in height, lodge five men; the rent of the room is ten shillings a month. It contains scarcely anything beyond bedding-quilts and three small boxes. Within the *oda* is a coffee-house, where pipes, coffee, and *raki* are to be found, and to which a barber is attached. There is likewise a shop where cabbages, onions, and lemons are sold, as well as bread, candles, and charcoal. The entire building is of wood.' Number two is on a larger scale: 'The *oda* contains the means of lodging three hundred and fifty persons. The master is a Turk. Of thirty-six rooms, twenty-nine are inhabited by Armenians, and seven by Mussulmans. The rooms, all of wood, are on two stories. In the court-yard, vines grow. There is in the centre a large tank. The *oda* contains a coffee-house and a kitchen. The lodgers have one meal a day, in the evening. The food now being prepared is soup, with pieces of meat in it, *dolmas* (leaves of cabbage stuffed), and beans. A quantity of cherries is being reduced to syrup.' As in their guilds, so in their homes, the different races of bread-winners are kept apart from one another; thus, Constantinople has its Turkish quarter, its Greek quarter, its Armenian quarter, and its Jewish quarter. The Jews number forty thousand, and are exclusives among exclusives, disdaining even to use the language of the people among whom they dwell, employing Spanish or German in preference. Like their brethren elsewhere, they have congregated in the least wholesome part of the city, but their homes are, inside, the cleanliest of all.

Wages rule low, the labour market being sadly overstocked, and likely to continue so, while the evil activity of the frontier Koords drives thousands of Armenians into the capital, and the exemption from conscription of Constantinoplians makes it a place of refuge for those sons of the empire who have no fancy for shouldering a rifle. Unfortunately, as the supply increases, the call for labour diminishes day by day; foreign fabrics keep growing in popular favour; native manufactures perforce go to the wall, and native hands can find no work to do.

In the *sandjak* of Monaster, a district containing a population of 822,000, three-fourths of the people live by agriculture; and of those who come under the denomination of artisans, large numbers leave their homes every February and March in quest of work in other parts of the empire, returning with their earnings in October. These migratory workmen are known as *gourbetchis*. In Resna and Prespa, out of an adult male population of six thousand Christians, nearly two thousand will thus be absent the greater part of the year. From Resna go gardeners, hucksters, and day-labourers, bound for Constantinople; from Prespa, carpenters, masons, sawyers, and labourers swarm into the

country on either side the Strait of the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora. Most of them are proprietors of fields and vineyards, which they leave to be cultivated by *ortadkjis*. The stationary artisans reap the benefit of this annual exodus, for the workman who, in winter, thinks himself well paid with eighteen-pence for a day's labour, will earn two shillings in the same time in the summer season, extending from the festival of St George to that of St Demetrius—that is, from April 23 to October 26, reckoned by old style. He has to do more work for the money, however, since his working day is from sunrise to sunset, with an hour and a half for breakfast and dinner in summer, and only an hour for the same meals in winter. Workmen having workshops of their own are little masters in their way, employing journeymen and apprentices. The latter receive only board and lodging, with perhaps a gift now and then, in the shape of a pair of shoes or a new cap. Journeymen get from twelve to twenty pounds a year, finding themselves in bed and board. Those who cannot get a yearly engagement, and are forced to work by the day or job, have a hard time of it; sometimes, when things are brisk, earning eighteen-pence, at other times being only too glad if they can make fourpence a day. The houses occupied by skilled workmen in the towns and large villages are usually two-floored; the ground-floor of two rooms with a passage between being built of rubble laid in mortar; the upper floor of sun-dried bricks in a frame of woodwork, plastered inside and out with stucco or white-washed clay. The windows of these houses are glazed, and both floor and ceiling planked. In the lower rooms—the living-rooms in winter—fireplaces are provided, but a real kitchen is a rarity, the food being either sent to a bakehouse or prepared on the fire-hearth. Economy is all in all with the Christian artisans, who live far less comfortably than their Moslem brethren. The latter, however, are not nearly so industrious.

The Syrian provinces are troubled with an overabundance of workers, and very little work for them to do. In the Asiatic district of Brussa, thanks partly to the capital's power of absorption, a different state of things prevails, and the standard of wages is higher than in other parts of the Ottoman empire. The following is the maximum scale of payment per day: Coopers, 1s. 5d.; dyers, 1s. 8d.; bakers, butchers, tailors, and saddlers, 1s. 10d.; tanners, coppersmiths, and tinnern, 2s.; shoemakers and blacksmiths, 2s. 2d.; painters and gunsmiths, 2s. 4d.; silversmiths, 2s. 6d.; masons and whitesmiths, 3s.; quarrymen, 3s. 6d.; plasterers, 4s.; carpenters, 4s. 8d.; stone-cutters and joiners, 5s.; marble-workers, 5s. 4d.; machinists and cabinet-makers, 6s. In comparing this scale with that of other countries, it must be borne in mind, as Mr Maling observes, that the workman is generally his own landlord, and not unfrequently owns a plot of land besides; while the cost of the necessities of life is lower than in more advanced countries, and the labouring man's dietary is chiefly vegetable, and therefore of the least costly nature. Considering the native workman's primitive wants and habits, he earns very fair wages, sufficient—although he pays more than his share of taxation—to maintain him after his own ideas of comfort. That very little money will go a long way in Brussa is evident from the factory girls there being

reproached with wasting their earnings upon finery, and being generally extravagant in their ways; when the most they can earn is a shilling a day! Some nine thousand of these female spendthrifts are employed in the *filandas*, or silk-reeling factories of the district, which turn out silk of great repute for evenness and regularity of thread; thanks to the pains taken by the French spinners who direct the operations and train the hands to the work. 'A day's work for a day's wages,' is the simple Brussian rule. There is no law to enforce the keeping of agreements, whether verbal or otherwise, and neither master nor man has any idea of a man's word being as good as his bond.

The artisans of Turkey, whatever their creed, agree in looking upon foreign workmen as intruders to be got rid of if possible. Not that the alien element is at all formidable from its numerical strength, for its presence is not to be detected save in the capital itself. In 1869, about nineteen thousand foreigners obtained a living in Constantinople; but how many of these were artisans it is impossible to say. The Greeks, many of whom ought not to be reckoned as aliens, numbered 5500; of these, at a round calculation, three thousand were shoemakers, one thousand cartwrights, five hundred tailors, five hundred distillers, two hundred goldsmiths or jewellers, two hundred blacksmiths, and one hundred watchmakers. A hundred and six North Germans were divided among thirty-nine trades; there were fifteen hundred Italian artisans of no stated calling; five thousand artisan-subjects of Austria; the remainder of the nineteen thousand being made up of Frenchmen, Swiss, Algerines, and Austrian subjects of all sorts. The English workmen a year ago numbered two hundred and thirty-seven; namely, eighty ship-builders, employed at the naval arsenal at Has-kieni in building an ironclad; twenty-five armourers and others working for the Ordnance Department; and a hundred and twenty engineers, employed on board the steamers at a wage of from L.18 to L.30 a month, or working in the shops at thirteen shillings a day; the total being made up by a dozen working on their own account. The number of Englishmen in Turkey is not likely to increase until the railway system of the empire is extended, or an attempt made to turn its mineral wealth to account.

AT NIGHTFALL.

WHEN, in the evening's solitude,
My thought has leisure to be free,
The purer life, the higher mood,
The nobler purpose wakes in me.

But, in the cares that through the day
Constrain the mind from hour to hour,
The nobler purpose fades away,
Grows faint, and loses all its power.

So some pure star's excelling ray,
With all the beauty of its light,
Is hidden by the glare of day,
And only shines with fall of night.

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